

Cold Day In Hell

Boondox

I sell my soul to the Devil for a .45
A black cowboy hat, and a switchblade knife
I might burn like a sinner if they take my life
But it's a cold day in hell before they take my pride
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I sold my soul to the Devil for this mic in my hand, but I ain't ever gonna
sell out
A million dollars for my name to expand
Take all ya fans and ya brands
And you can go an get the hell out
We really livin in a fucked up time
So many fucked up minds inspire fucked up crimes
And they be quick to sell you out at the drop of a dime
Too many coward motha fuckas livin life with no spine
We in a bind

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My belly ache from these fake little snakes
Sho come and go as they please just to get what they need
They use our name just to get a little fame
Then it's out like a flame
I wanna make these fuckas bleed
Like some hooker on the street
Sellin pussy just to eat
Take the money and run
I wanna take out my heat
Pull up on em while they sleepin
Put em six feet deep
Disrespectin psychopathic put a tag on ya feet
Go to sleep

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You think that I don't see
Ya better take it on down the road
You think that they don't see
But everybody fuckin knows, watch me unload

One thing I ain't is a self righteous saint
Too many sins been committed to ever get me acquitted
But it's a fact, won't find a knife if ya back
Cause I put it all on this track
And to this shit I'm committed
And I won't ever leave ya hangin
Always keep that thang swangin
Like the fuckin dope man I'm always stay slangin
Drivebys on these fake perpetrators stay bangin
I'ma always stay the same
While the while the world keeps changing

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It'd be a cold day in Hell, before they take my pride